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VOLUME 29 NUMBER 13
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MAYFAIR

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NUMBER 13

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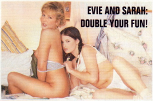
CORINA: JAMES BOND'S RIGHT HAND GIRL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PHOTOGRAPHS
BY TERRY
MUNNS

Like Madonna there's nothing Gillian likes more than a few naughty bedtime stories. As she lies back on the bed, absentmindedly stroking her stroking her silky pussy hair, the 20-year-old student nurse giggles coyly and starts to tell us one.

"I love going to pyjama parties," she reveals." Everyone romps around the bedroom wearing a flimsy nightie, soft pyjamas or maybe a see-through t-shirt, bashing each other with pillows. It's a brilliant way to get turned on. I love it when a hunky man grabs me by the waist and pulls down my pyjama bottoms and starts to spank me on the bottom with a great big pillow. It doesn't hurt 'cos a pillow's really soft, but I get more and more wet between the legs everytime the pillow collides with my bottom. And it doesn't leave any marks — look!"

Gorgeous Gillian then insisted on proving she had a perfectly smooth pair of cheeks and pulled down her pyjama bottoms to reveal a fabulous pert bottom.

"In fact I'm feeling turned-on just by thinking about it," she sighs, letting her finger nails gently brush over her taut nipples. "Does anyone else out there fancy a bit of fun with a pillow and my bottom?"

DIANE FO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN GRAHAM

"I grabbed his big, stiff pole with both hands and pulled it as hard as I could," gasps our brand new wide-eyed babe Diane. "But I still couldn't get the instructor's ski stick out of the snow drift."

Sporty Diane's just returned from a skiing holiday in St Moritz and couldn't wait to reveal all about her steamy antics in the freezing cold.

"I got caught in a blizzard with this gorgeous male skier, so guess how we

OSS

kept warm?" giggles Diane, her round breasts jiggling with each giggle. "First he lapped at my pussy, then things really heated up with a good hard shag in the snow. By the time we'd finished I was flushed and glowing all over."

She starts shedding her frilly top to reveal firm breasts, sprawls across the table top, and runs her hands over her voluptuous figure. Suddenly she giggles. "If you want a man who's handy with his pole, get a skier!"

MAYFAIR

girl of the month

DIANE

ALFABEATE

Most Italian car-makers are busy dumping their oldest and finest models, but not Alfa Romeo. Motoring correspondent Hugh Laver ponders the success of the re-styled Spider and the new GTV coupé...

Things still look pretty good over at Ferrari, but elsewhere the Italians have really cocked up just lately. If there was such a thing as Italian Leyland, Fiat Group would have been it. Consider this: just like Leyland, which canned countless once-classy marques (among them Alvis, Daimler, Lanchester, Riley and Wolseley) before selling out to the Germans, Fiat seemed to hold all the aces but didn't know what to do with them. Meanwhile, Alfa Romeo, one of the most illustrious badges in the business, lurched from one style crisis to another, its reputation for sporting excellence buoyed up by little more than a 25-year-old MG beater called the *Spider*.

But even Alfa finally realised it couldn't go on forever with the *Spider*, the open-topped two-seater that Dustin Hoffman drove in *The Graduate*, a car that has endured more facelifts than half of Hollywood. At last Alfa have unveiled the sparkling new drophead and its tin-top cousin shown above.

Striking, distinctive and overtly sporty, the new *Spider* and *GTV Coupé* will do much to boost Alfa's public persona and, along with their recent successes in the World Touring Car Championship, should go some way to restoring the fortunes of the car world's oldest sporting marque.

While sharing similarly dramatic lines and the same choice of engines, the two cars actually differ in more than mere detail. Both borrow substantially from the stunning *Proteo* show-car that did the rounds back in 1991, and have picked up more than a few tips on how to turn heads from the unorthodox, but undeniably stylish, Alfa *SZ*. Up to the windscreen they are, in fact, identical but beyond that differences quickly become apparent.

Far smoother than the *SZ*, but still sharp-shouldered enough to prove an antidote to the current mania for amorphous jelly moulds which have smothered the coupé market in recent years, the *Spider* and *GTV* are agreeably easy on the eye. Pininfarina, Italy's leading design studio and responsible for most of Ferrari's out put, have certainly come up with the goods this time.

Though based on the Fiat *Tipo* platform (don't knock it, so is the wacky Fiat *Coupe* featured here a couple of months back) both versions are traditionally Alfa.

Accordingly, the inte-

The Alfa Romeo Spider has endured m

R!

It's sharp-shouldered enough to provide an anti-dote to the usual coupé jelly moulds

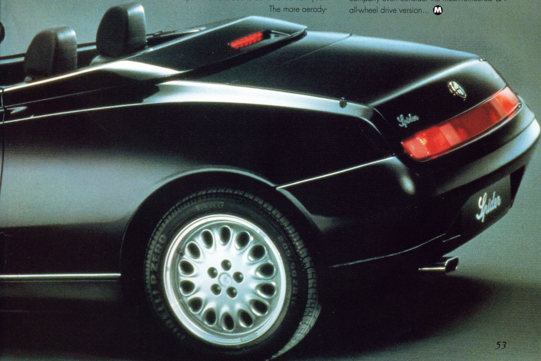
riors boast a fashionable retro look with circular airvents and a simple 1960s-style binnacle with hooded, circular instrumentation.

The entry level *Coupé* (prices haven't been fixed yet but expect some change from £20,000) will use the technologically-interesting two-litre Twinspark engine already found in the lovely Alfa *164* sports saloon. Top speed is 130mph with a 0-60 sprint taking around 8.5 seconds. As a rival for the Ford *Probe*, Vauxhall *Cavalier* and Honda *Prelude*, the *GTV* is going to take some beating.

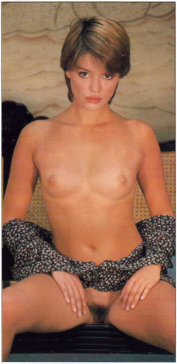
ore facelifts than half of Hollywood

The flagship *Spider* harks back to the sensational *SZ* with the a three litre V6 engine that has been a feature of topline Alfas for some years, but still manages to impress. With 192 horsepower, it's good for almost 140mph and will look highly competitive alongside the new generation of Mercedes-Benz and BMW rag-tops which are due to be unveiled next year.

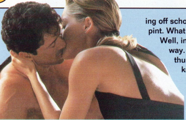
The more aerodynamic *GTV Coupé* is even more impressive. Quickest versions will get a 202bhp two litre turbo V6, specialy developed to beat Italy's swinging tax system which heavily penalises cars with more than 2000cc under the bonnet. British enthusiasts will get a 24valve version of the existing three-litre yielding 230bhp. 145mph and a 0-60 time of just over seven seconds. It sounds ideal, and that's before the company even consider the much-rumoured *Q4* all-wheel drive version...



Wimps had better watch out, horny Helen is on the score path again. The 38-inch brunette from Sevenoaks is looking for another bloke to bonk senseless — and he needs to be fit! So what happened to the last fella, Helen? "I wore him out!" the 23-year-old claimed. "I'm very demanding. I like sex now and again. Not now and again, but NOW and again and again and again! And I have to be the one in control. When I say jump, he'd better jump, even if it's the fourth jump of the day!" Helen has no time for sensitive new men. "I crush wimps between my tits for exercise before breakfast," she sneers. "I want a real man with a real cock and plenty of real action!" Whatever you say, Helen... Ⓜ



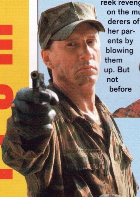
ROCKY AND STONE



How about this for a double act? Sly Stallone and Sharon Stone – in bed and bonking!

Yes Rocky and Cocky have been teamed up in *The Specialist*, "a mixture of action and sensuality" on release this month. The combination of Stallone's big muscles and Stone's big... err... appetite for them is expected to be a winner, especially since it also stars Rod Steiger and Eric Roberts.

The Specialist tells the story of an explosives expert (Stallone, surprise-surprise) lured into a bang with May Munro (Stone). She wants him to help reek revenge on the murderers of her parents by blowing them up. But not before she has done a bit of blowing herself, luring each of the baddies to bed in turn. But will they find out what she's up to before Stallone blasts them to bits?

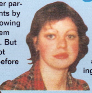


Who cares, eh? It's a good excuse for lots of explosions and some saucy scenes with sex bomb Shaz.

"The sexuality is very dynamic," says Miss Stone. "It's real passion, real love... we're a very explosive couple in every sense of the word."

Obviously Sly's fuse isn't as short as it has been rumoured.

SET 'EM UP, JO



If the management weren't so mean, we'd offer a prize for guessing who this slim slag is, getting pissed in a pub in Hastings some time in the 70s. *(Above right and left.)*

Sorry, time's up, it's Jo Brand – aged 17 and several stones lighter in the days when she was prone to bunking off school and going for a pint. What a knockout, eh?

Well, in one respect anyway. She once thumped one lad and knocked him out cold when he annoyed her in the notoriously "lively" *Anchor* pub in the resort's Old Town – though she now claims that he fell against something hitting his head.

I'm plucking up the courage to see her live show and will review it next month – so long as she doesn't beat me up beforehand for publishing this picture.

CALL ME MADDAMS

As regular readers of this page (if such people exist) will be well aware, American hard core video producers love naming their products after well known films. The *Buttman* series is infamous and now comes *The Maddams Family* (MIA) – except, of course, all the really naughty bits have been taken out for British release. All the *Addams Family* gags are sent up – perhaps most successfully with Thingy, their version of the disembodied hand of the original but female, and characters such as Horticia, Uncle Pester, Crotch the butler, and Cousin Tit. Nice to see a US porn video that doesn't take itself too seriously, and certainly worth renting.

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The Maddams Family

BAKER'S DOESN'T

Caught out this month was Britain's greatest broadcaster – or so he seems to think – Danny Baker. He was spotted by one of our readers outside a London pub with two fawning pals just prior to having to do that embarrassing Daz-style "two shows for one" swap on Radio 1FM. Unaware of Baker's forthcoming fate, one of them gushed: "There's no other DJ on the radio quite like you, Danny." Too right, all the others have an audience.

Still, never mind, Dan, there's always television. Well, maybe not. His television performances have been described recently as a "disaster" by at least one member of BBC top brass. It seems like Baker's career is receding even quicker than his hairline. Let's hope his ego follows suit.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Frank Skinner

With two shows on Channel Four, one on BBC1 and another just started on BBC2, not to mention several appearances on football programmes, there's no escaping

George Best, a man with more pulling power than a truck, displays his many charms

THE BEASTS

room. When he opens the door he sees Best fast asleep in bed with two beautiful women and the floor strewn with empty champagne bottles. "Georgie, Georgie," the bemused waiter mutters sadly, "Where did it all go wrong?"

Yes, George Best might have been a footballing genius with more pulling power than a huge truck, but at least the envious among us can tut like that waiter and say, "Poor old Bestie. He really pissed on his chips." George gave us a get out, and it cost him plenty. When, and only when, Ryan Giggs makes this sort of self-sacrificing gesture for his fellow man will he be worthy of the title The New George Best.

Being in the same building as Giggsy is bad enough, but it pales into insignificance alongside an experience I had several years ago. I was in a hyper-trendy eaterie in Notting Hill, when in walked a middle-aged balding man with a gut so big it was practically bouncing on his knees. He had the dishevelled look of someone who'd had a skin-full the night before and slept it off in a council grit box. The staff might have been expected to deal with this interloper by phoning Rentokil, but no, they leapt into a wild panic. Trolleys were swished out of the way, a window table was laid quicker than a nymphomaniac on an oil rig and the middle-age man escorted to it. He sat down. The room was silent. Chic chicks, who'd previously looked so cool that you'd be forgiven for thinking they farted ice cubes, were now flushed and sweating. Who was the bloke who was causing all the lip-licking and hair titivating? Jack Nicholson, that's who.

Now, when you ask women what they like about Ryan Giggs at least they can give an answer. Ask about Jack Nicholson and they go all coy and giggly and say, "Well, y'know... (titter), y'know... he's dirty and rude." But then, so is Bernard Manning.

> "Nicholson's a pussy-hound so he gets laid"

"Yes," they giggle, "but Jack looks like he really doesn't give a fuck and that's such a turn-on."

So Jack Nicholson doesn't give a fuck and he's sexy. You and I don't give a fuck and we're slobs, right?

Lacking concrete evidence, I've cobbled together my own theory about Nicholson. I reckon his notorious womanising exploits actually make him more attractive to women. It's a self-fulfilling image. He's a pussy-hound, therefore women fancy him, therefore he's a pussy-hound. It's like the single man thing. When you're unattached you attract girls like a magnet attracts fish, but the minute you've got a steady girlfriend women fling themselves at you.

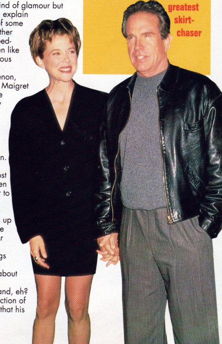
Nicholson's rival to the title of Hollywood's greatest skirt-chaser is Warren Beatty. However, since his marriage to Annette Benning and the birth of their child, Beatty has hung up his, er, whatever retired skirt-chasers hang up. Over the years, though, he notched up some top name conquests from Natalie Wood to Madonna. No wonder Woody Allen said he'd like to be reincarnated as Beatty's fingertips.

The only consolation in all this is that Hollywood studs usually get their come-uppance from the sharp tongue of a movie actress. Others may remember *High Noon* star Gary Cooper as the supreme seducer. When I see him I think of the words of his ex-lover Clara Bow: "Poor Gary, biggest cock in Hollywood and no ass to push it with".

Sportsmen and actors at least have some kind of glamour but how can you explain the success of some of history's other high speed bed-hoppers? Men like the mountinous French writer George Simenon, author of the Maigret books, whose posthumously published diaries revealed that he had bonked over 3,500 women. One house maid was most surprised when she bent over to polish the kitchen table. Simenon was up her before she could say "Mr Sheen shines umpteen things clean."

And what about the Duke of Northumberland, eh? A close inspection of him suggests that his ideal escort would be Miss Piggy, but no, he ends up dating Barbara Carrera and Naomi Campbell's mum. I mean what has he got that I haven't? Apart from 100,000 acres, £42 million, Alnwick castle, a London swank-pad with 200 rooms...

By this stage you're probably beginning to suspect that I've only written this article because I'm jealous. I'm not. It's just that I feel sorry for the women involved. Do they ever find true happiness with the Ayrton Sennas, Jim Morrisons and Ralph Halperns of the world? Of course they don't. So my advice to Dani Behr is to forget Giggsy and the glamour. Settle down with someone nice and normal. A man with a flat in Balham, a cheery fellow with an impish smile and the ability to name all the children in the Waltons. Do that, Dani, and I can guarantee that you'll be as happy and contented as, well, John Boy, Jason, Ben, Jim Bob, Mary-Ellen and Elizabeth. Ⓜ



Hard to Beatty. Wedded Warren gives up the distinguised title of Hollywood's greatest skirt-chaser

Fat polititians who sweat so much that their trousers have guttering instead of turn-ups, short-arse actors who bump their heads on the underside of barstools, writers with enough dandruff to coat a ski-slope and athletes so thick they think the Gaza Strip is Paul Gascoigne's kit; these famous folk all have one thing in common. They all grab more girls than Will Wray. And it's making him very cross indeed.

BEAUTYAN

Would you chuck gorgeous *Word* star Dani Behr?

It's hard to know quite what the greatest sexual fantasy would be; going out with megababe Dani Behr, or being so sure of your up-coming totty tapping opportunities you can afford to dump her (okay, so there's a third fantasy involving soap suds and a mirrored ceiling, but let me finish).

Every man has, in his darkest hour, imagined something like this: a supermodel drops to her knees before him, begging to give him the blow job of his life. Callously he pushes her aside. "Leave off, Naomi," he yells. " I'm trying to fix the cistern."

Well now, if the tabloids are to be believed, Ryan Giggs has made something like this dream come true. He has ditched Dani Behr. Yes, that Dani Behr. *The Word* presenter with the blonde hair, husky voice and cleavage so bounteous that you could dive from the top of Canary Wharf into it without risking injury. And Ryan Giggs has given her the brush off, the elbow, the old heave-ho. Who the fuck does he think he bloody well is?

Well, Ryan Giggs for one thing; young, gifted, rich and playing for England's most glamorous team. A straw-poll of your female friends will quickly convince you that, as far as women are concerned, Giggs is sex in shorts. When women say they'd like to see Giggs strip, you can bet they don't mean Umbro sportswear. "Great thighs," they drool, "lithe body." It's no use saying, "But what about those ears? Isn't he Spock's love-child? And he's so thin! Put a plate on his head and he'd look like a nail," because they just refuse to listen.

If you have the misfortune to be in a club when Mr Giggs strolls in, you can forget that Saturday night visit to the condom machine. PC Wobble will not be holding his helmet tonight, no sir. You could stand at the bar licking your eyebrows and picking your nose with your dick, and you still wouldn't get any female attention. All you can do is get slowly hammered while muttering "I bet he's stupid. Probably couldn't hold a decent conversation." At this point you'll be hit by a horrible sense of deja-vu, because those are the same words that your ex-girlfriend said to you when she caught you ogling the *Wonderbra* ads.

One thing's for sure, Giggs' attractiveness to the opposite sex puts him in an established sporting tradition. 'Broadway' Joe Namath the American Footballer, for example, claimed he'd slept with over 1,500 babes. I prefer to recall the words of comedienne Joan Rivers: "I once dated a footballer. God, was he dumb. Everytime we got into a lift he would push the buttons and wait for the gum to come out."

The exploits of George Best are, of course, legendary. When he was at his peak, the Belfast

> "All girls think Ryan Giggs is sex in shorts"

The Duke of Northumberlan
out on the pull again

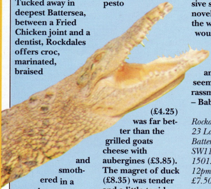
boy was in danger of believi
that the words, "Hi. Fancy a
fuck?" were every English
woman's standard gr
ing. With
looks
wealt
and th
string
Miss
Worlds
wore on his arm,
Best was enough to make ar
ordinary bloke jealous.
Thankfully he also had the d
cy to make us all feel just a
better about ourselves too.
There's an apocryphal story
about the Man United-suppo
waiter who takes a plate of
wiches up to George's hotel

ROCK-DALES

'Fetch me the crocodile and make it snappy.' Rockdales must be the only restaurant in Britain where you can annoy a waiter with such an order. Tucked away in deepest Battersea, between a Fried Chicken joint and a dentist, Rockdales offers croc, marinated, braised and smothered in a parsley sauce (£8.95). And it's an interesting rather than delicious experience. The crocodile was chewy enough to tax your false teeth and tastes like a cross between veal and roast chestnut. Like whale or snake it's better saying you've eaten crocodile than actually eating it.

While you might expect an Australian restaurant to be full of loud XXXX-swilling Ockers and hordes of fiesty women, I found it restrained, even leisurely. The only men from Down Under were a quiet trio of businessmen, while the women wore waistcoats and discussed computing to a barely discernible backdrop of jazz.

Apart from crocodile, the menu provided the opportunity to eat your way around the animal kingdom, with bambi bangers (£6.75) squid (£7.95) and oysters (£8.95). Of the starters, the cluster of scallops with red pesto (£4.25) was far better than the grilled goats cheese with aubergines (£3.85). The magret of duck (£8.35) was tender and a little tepid. The mango and plum compote was both sweet and well done.



Pudding was the most praiseworthy part of the menu (and free of the ubiquitous parsley that festooned the preceding courses) with a delicate apple and frangipan tartlet (£2.95) and chocolate cream brulee I'd happily pay double for (£2.95).

It was a pleasant enough meal, improved by excellent puddings, friendly, non-intrusive service and the novelty croc; but the whole menu would benefit from a few lighter dishes to balance what seemed an embarrassment of riches.
– Babs Hall

Rockdales is at 23 Lavender Hill, Battersea, London, SW11. Tel: 071 738 1501. Open 7 days 7-12pm. House wine £7.50. No set meals.

THE BOARDWALK

It would be rather unfair of me to comment on the food served up at London's Boardwalk as I didn't in fact eat anything there. For although I am sure that the meals are delicious, it was its impressive array of bottled beers, wines and spirits that hijacked my appetite at the Greek Street bar-cum-restaurant. The situation wasn't helped by the fact that for the past five hours I had been enjoying the lip-smacking scrumpy in The Three Greyhounds just down the road. Two pints soon gave me the taste for seven so I have to confess that I was rather surprised that the doormen at The Boardwalk even let me into their exciting eaterie. Thoughts of scoffing were banished when a bottle of Becks was thrust into my hand and I spent the rest of the evening impressing a young secretary with my anecdotes.

In fact it wasn't until I was halfway up Tottenham Court Road that I began to feel peckish and popped into the Star Kebab for a large donner and chips.

Nevertheless, I will be revisiting The Boardwalk as soon as my stomach has settled down and look forward to enjoying its reasonably-priced and diverse menu. – James Furlong

The Boardwalk is at 18 Greek Street, Soho, London W1.

Mariah Christmas

If all you want for Christmas is a warbling babe, Mariah Carey's *Merry Christmas* is the ideal album complete with a daft cover of Mariah in a Santa's Little Helper outfit. Seasonal offerings include *Hark The Herald Angels Sing* and *Silent Night* as well as the single *All I Want For Christmas Is You*. Sleighbells and the like feature strongly, so if the words 'Christmas Spirit' get you fuming and reaching for another bottle of whisky you'd best avoid this.

Pet Shop Pervs

Pervy antics at the Pet Shop Boys Singapore concert were halted by a bunch of PC PCs. Halfway through the concert a dancing girl's black PVC bra

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

HOT BOX RELEASES

- The Specialist
- SFW
- Junior
- The Most Beautiful Breasts In The World
- Soft Top, Hard Shoulder
- Four Weddings And A Funeral

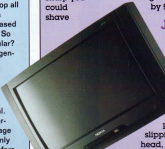
Frank Skinner. Now, to top all that, he's embarked on a nationwide tour and released a live video of the show. So why is he suddenly popular?

Well, for a start, he is genuinely quickwitted (outsmarting Bob Monkhouse on the crass *Gagtag* on many occasions) and his live material is totally original. In the one and three-quarter hours he spent on stage at my local theatre, I'd only heard one of his gags before, and that was a throwaway line on the way to another story.

His comments and observations are funny and fabulously filthy without being sexist or racist. As well as football subjects under discussion include wetting the bed, anal sex, dry heaves and Torvill and Dean ("If Jayne Torvill had been a Red Indian she'd have been called Dances with Cunts..").

Genuinely funny, likeable and wonderfully revolting (for instance likening his dog's habit of chewing used knotted johnnies to "sucking a Locket"), Skinner is probably the most original comic on the circuit right now.

THE BIG BROADCAST



HDTV was once dubbed the brave new world of high definition viewing pleasure by the world's TV manufacturers. HDTV doubled the normal TV picture construction of 625 lines and produced a picture so sharp you could shave with it. Sadly, a disagreement with broadcasting standards has left the HDTV languishing in the technological box room along with 3D films. Now, by way of consolation, comes an interim technology called wide screen TV which has been designed to overcome that irritating moment when cinema films are shown on television, and the screen shrinks to a coloured band the width of an Essex girl's boob-tube. The set switches from small screen to wide screen mode in response to the incoming signal (though sadly without the local fleapit's swishing curtains), and the built in digital technology will soon allow you to access a range of new features including digital sound that's as good as your CD system. Wide screen units are on sale now from Philips, Nokia and Grundig, and will lighten your wallet by £800.

JOG OFF!

It's dawn, you're jogging round the park and your Walkman headphones keep slipping off your head, past your sweating brow and blasting bag-ladies with the theme from *Chariots Of Fire*. If that situation is all too familiar to you, then you're obviously a bit of a knobhead and just the type of person the nifty new Bungee Swalker is aimed at. Bungee Swalker is a faberoonie head band with the kind of design that would dazzle Ray Charles, incorporating a super set of headphones. Non-hip and non-slip, Bungee Swalker... Oh dear, the name says it all. I bet they're big in America. Available from Vivenco for £11.99. Phone 0442-231616.

GREEN MACHINE

Pysis may sound uncannily like the kind of thing that sets your nooks and crannies itching, but in fact it's a new night-sight from Leading Edge. A modified version of military equipment, Pysis has been simplified for everyday use. Using internal electronics the goggles system magnifies available light, so while it won't work with pitch black, it can turn dark gloom into sunny brightness. A bit like a politician when you think about it. The only problem is that everything appears a rather nasty cathode green. A great invention for keen twitchers and badger-spotters everywhere, Pysis is available from Leading Edge or Innovations, price £900 (sewing machine and mad-expression not included).

2 GOOD

Doom 2 is another large dollop of everything that made its predecessor such a successful bangers and smash with a garnish of deep-fried geeks. Evil hovering nasties creep out of every nook and cranny. You have to blast the lot to move onto the next level. This is only a touch easier then getting toothpaste back into the tube. New monsters include a group of demented trolls who look like Chris Tarrant would if you dropped a ten ton weight on his head (now there's an idea for a game!). Doom 2 provides a high level of gory action thrills. Available from Virgin Interactive for £50. For more details Tel: 081 960 2255.

accidentally popped off. Shortly after, a male dancer's g-string went floor-wards. The audience loved it (well, who wouldn't?). The police did not. Aghast at this sudden display of naked flesh, they marched on, ordered the buxom beauty to cover her assets and forced the male dancers to wear the Singapore equivalent of granny knickers. Meanwhile, the Pet Shop Boys threatened to throw a major pop-strop. An EMI spokesman said "Neil and Chris were furious and intend to make the show even more outrageous. They want the dancers to be totally naked in the Sydney show."

Let's just hope the show comes to Britain.

Boo Who?

Madonna wants to save Betty Boo from shelf-stacking or whatever she's doing now she's no longer *Doin' The Doo* at Warner Brothers. They gave her the boot when her second album flopped. Madonna said recently "I'd like to sign Betty Boo. She's brilliant." Betty Boo might be better off ignoring the offer. Maverick, Madonna's own record company has been suspiciously hit-free so far.

In the Club

Want to interview Paul McCartney? Well, with the latest issue of *Club Sandwich*, the magazine of the Paul McCartney Fan Club you can! So if you want to ask Linda who puts the meat in her lasagne, and whether she can play the tambourine with more than one finger, this is your chance. Other delights include a look at the cheeriest Beatle's videos, Wings' 1974 Nashville Tour and a rant about trout's genitalia in wine. There's even a pic of the Los Angeles Linda McCartney Meals team who seem to have recruited Jurgen Klinsmann as head chef. For more details contact: The Paul McCartney Fan Club, PO Box 110, Westcliffe, Essex, SS0 8NW. Alternatively, get a train-spotting pen friend...

Shampoo and Sex

Pop superbabes Shampoo, have revealed that they're not really the raucous pair of girls they seem. "We're really shy," the lovely little Jaquie said recently. "We both love hunky muscular types but we never dare ask them out. It sounds really crap but we just stand and stare at them and hope they'll make the first move."

So, if you see Shampoo down the pub, don't say "Who you looking at, y' bastard?" It might mean your luck's in.

Best of Order

An album full of greatest hits is all too often ruined by the clever-clever attentions of irritating re-mixers like Brothers in Rhythm or Junior Vasquez. Thankfully Manchester doom 'n' disco merchants New Order have refrained from letting such idiots tinker about with legendary choons like *Shell Shock*, *Run2* and *World in Motion* on their *Best of New Order* (London). Okay, so Stephen Hague has tarted up *True Faith* a bit, but for once this is a real improvement on the original – hard though that is to imagine. Then again, if you've already got NO's 1987 hits package *Substance* spend your money on...

(the best of) NewOrder

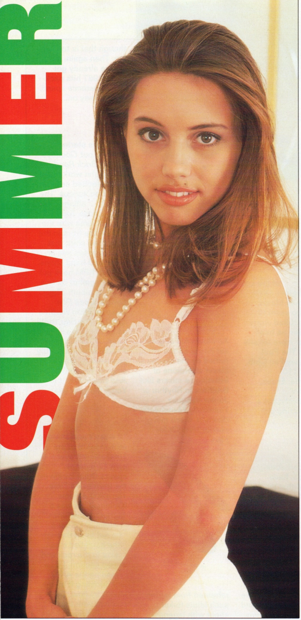
Bit of Old Dwight

Before he started bashing out *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road*, Elton John worked as an uncredited session player on various 'The Hits Of...' albums. You know, those *Top of the Pops* albums with the bird on the front in the tight tee shirt, that you always see in second-hand shops. Well, RPM have put these together on one glorious album, *Reg Dwight Goes Pop*. Gasp as Elton warbles *Spirit In The Sky*, thrill as he conquers *The Love Of The Common People* and be mightily confused by Elt singing *Young Gifted And Black*. Buy it now. You'll flip your wig!

Grand Muthas

"It wasn't punishing to listen to 926 of the 1000 albums over the past 12 months," spouts Colin Larkin in the intro to *All Time Top 1000 Albums* (Guiness). "It was a glorious experience." Hmmm, if I'd been forced to sit through the so-called classics in the rock and pop section, I'd be loading the AK47 and ramming it in my mouth by now. The problem with these 'Top Whatever' books is that they are entirely subjective. Amongst the top and, in my opinion, unlistenable classics are *Godspell: The Original Broadway Cast* and *Germ Free Adolescents* by X Ray Spex. Makes you wonder who came 1001st. Ⓜ

SUMMER

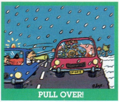


PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO

What a lovely girl! Well, with a name like Summer what did you expect? "I guess I am quite bright and sunny but, just like the British summer, I do have my rainy days," says the 18-year-old trainee bonds saleswoman. "One guy even described me as the best holiday he'd ever had." Well you're certainly a hot one, Summer!

astride me. Then I rammed my cock hard into her tight little fanny. I grabbed hold of her big breasts and squeezed hard so her nipples sprang to attention. Claire rode me with increasing vigour and the rhythm of my pumping increased. We were at it like rabbits and Claire began to scream, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" So much for the shy student, she screamed her way a shuddering climax. The waves of ecstasy shaking her breasts meant I could hold out no longer and I shot my load deep inside her.

My spunk flowed out from between her swollen pussy lips as I pulled out and, as she lay moaning on the floor, I licked her out until she was begging for me to come inside her again. That night we indulged in every sensual pleasure possible. I introduced Claire to the wonders of a hard tit wank and the joys of a 69, while she taught me a thing or two about novel ways to eat chocolate mousse. And believe me it never tasted so good!


PULL OVER!

Every time Claire climaxed she literally screamed the place down which only hardened my cock even more. I don't know what the neighbours must have thought, but I was having so much hot horny sex that I didn't care. Eventually we collapsed exhausted, only to resume the action the next morning.

Claire and I have vowed to keep seeing (and shagging!) each other as often as possible. So remember, if you get set-up on a blind date, you could be in for a naughty night of passion that would make Cilla blush.—Keith, Bristol

EVE AND SHARON-LEZZIE FASHION

A big thank you to *Mayfair* from my appreciative cock for those lovely lezzies Eve and Sharon (Vol 29 No 12). The moment I saw the cover pic of those two saucy stunners knelt with boobs touching, my cock rose to give them a standing ovation. Seeing two cracking girls enjoying the

Continued on page 90

CHLOE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MICHAEL MOORE

It's no humbug — Chloe hates Christmas. "I work in a shop selling greetings cards, and it's war out there. OAPs literally barge each other out of the way to get at the good ones — there's hair and bits of cardigan all over the floor!" jokes the 22-year-old Mancunian. Chloe can't wait for things to get back to normal so she can spend more time with her new boyfriend. "At the moment I'm too shattered to see him," she moans. "But I've promised that we'll spend Christmas Day in bed, kissing, cuddling and making love gently all day. I love those slow sessions when you spend hours just exploring each other's body with your lips and tongue. We won't even stop for dinner. Who needs turkey when you can have pork? It's much more filling!"Ⓜ

Ex-Boston girl Haley Marie has given herself an early present and wants you to help her try it out. "I've finally bought a beautiful bed with satin sheets and pillows, and I can't wait to share it with someone," says the 20-year-old with an alluring pout. "But I can't decide who! My first bonk on the bed will be so important. I want a guy who'll do it just right!" And this is where you come in. "Then I thought, 'New Bed, New Fella!' It should be somebody who'd really appreciate rolling around on the cool satin with me, exploring my body, teasing it then pleasing it. So I'm on the look out, guys..." Applicants should be "built like Arnie but as sensitive as Hoffman". No Forrest Gumps or Mr Beans need apply. "Oooh and hurry. I've been rolling around on my own so long, I'm absolutely aching for it!"

Letters

Continued from page 4

"I've heard the saying 'the bigger the brain, the smaller the prick' she chirped, "So how intelligent are you, number three?"

Number three hurriedly crossed his legs! I was even more embarrassed when she actually picked me for her hot date. The curtain drew back and I saw her for the first time. I had expected to see a spotty student, but here was a little stunner with large firm breasts and a shy smile. She seemed even more embarrassed then me, if that was possible.

When I arrived at the restaurant I realised Claire wasn't exactly the sweet, innocent student as I had originally thought. Firstly, she was dressed to thrill in a skin-tight mini dress that hugged her curves like a second skin. "Sod dinner, I'd rather eat you," I thought. Secondly, and happily for my cock, she had turned into a real prick teaser.

As the meal progressed Claire leaned closer to me and, as I tried to tear my eyes away from her succulent breasts, began to explain why she had chosen me.

"I need a man not a boy, and you look every inch a man." she purred. My burning cock took this as a massive compliment, but there was more to come.

As we started on dessert I was shocked to find something gently prodding at my aching cock. I looked up, surprised, at Claire who opened her eyes wide.

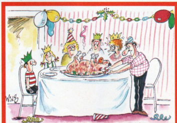
"Something wrong?" she teased. Her stockinged foot stroked my throbbing cock with a tantalisingly slow rhythm. I was onto a good thing. Claire might look like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth but the only thing I wanted to place between her lips was my burning cock!

At the end of the meal I offered to drive her home and was rewarded with an invitation to come in for coffee. Never mind come in, I just wanted to come now, all over her lithe young body. As I restrained myself I realised what a little schemer she was. The house was empty and her parents away.

Coffee was soon forgotten as we got down to some serious kissing and fondling on the living room sofa. Claire's body was curvy and playful, while her tits were more then a handful. My cock prodded hard at my jeans, and as I tweaked her right nipple she giggled, reached down and unbuttoned my jeans.

When my stiff cock sprang free and she gasped, "Wow! I've never seen one that big!", I was thrilled. She took my shaft in one hand and stared in amazement while she wanked me to rock hardness.

Then she slipped off the sofa, knelt down on the floor and took me in her wet mouth. Watching this beautiful woman trying to take my full length down her throat made me so horny that I needed all my willpower not to explode.



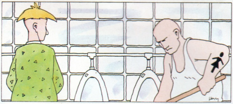
Look, when I said we wanted a dog for Christmas — I meant as a pet!

As Claire sucked harder and faster along my length, I managed to reach down and thrust my hand up her skirt. I lifted it up to reveal a glimpse of white knickers and began to rub her through the fine material until she moaned with pleasure.

Then, when I slipped a finger along her soaking knickers and inside her, Claire moaned, louder now, and took my cock even deeper down her throat. I worked my finger around her soaking-wet crack, it felt tight and incredibly sexy. Slipping a second finger inside her pussy, I pushed my fingers in as deep as they would go. She thrashed around, moaning, as I pumped my fingers in and out of her hole. The rhythm of her sucking on my cock had become uneven but oh-so-horny. If this was the reaction from my fingering what would she be like with my hard cock thrust up her?

I slid my cock out from her mouth and she shivered as she sat

safe sex



laboratory of human response

Quest

Name: Miss V
Age: 23
Town of origin: Hull
Other details: This young brunette says she was always bossy as a child, but it was only when she discovered sex that she realised it might actually be a talent…

Quest: Would you describe yourself as submissive or dominant in bed?

Miss V: Dominant, definitely. I know what I want and I know how to get it. You don't get anything in life if you're shy, particularly sexually. Most of the men I've slept with enjoy the fact that I ask them to do the things that give me pleasure. I think it makes a nice change to be told what a woman wants. A woman's body is probably very mysterious to most men, full of little nooks and crannies that hold the secrets to her pleasure.

Quest: Do you enjoy talking dirty? Do you find it a real turn-on?

Miss V: Yes I love it. It turns me on and the men that I sleep with. I find that it sort of sets the scene. Having sex is the one time when a girl can use all those words that aren't considered polite, and not only get away with it but really enjoy it. I'm very vocal when I have sex anyway. I love making a lot of noise, especially when I come.

Quest: Tell us about a recent sexual encounter where you took charge.

Miss V: I'd been seeing this guy, Tom, and we'd gone out about four times but never so much as kissed. I think he found me a bit raucous, but I was determined to get him into bed. For our dinner date I'd picked my outfit very carefully, just the right blend of tramp and virgin to be irresistible.

During the meal I flirted outrageously with him. He seemed to be enjoying it so I invited him back for coffee, but as soon as we were through the door I had other ideas. I whispered in his ear, "I want to fuck you with my tongue." His body jerked in response, and he stopped dead in his tracks. I kept my mouth near his ear, kissing the lobe gently, but my hand reached down his front and outlined his already stiff dick beneath the fabric of his jeans. He practically broke my back as he shoved me against the wall and ground his mouth down onto mine.

Quest: Do you think he was shocked by your up-front attitude?

Miss V: He may well have been, but he was also very excited! I pulled away from him long enough to whisper in his ear again, "Pussy wants it, baby." I pulled him up the stairs and into my bedroom. The lights were on low and I began to undress him, talking to him the whole time. "I want to sit on top of you and feel you slide in, your balls hard and heavy against my arse as you go in deeper. So, isn't it time you took my clothes off?"

He tore at the fragile fabric of my dress as his hands desperately tried to free my tits from their constraint. Finally, they swung free and he sank his head downwards to suck my nipples, his hands weighing their heaviness and caressing their undersides. I undid the buttons on his shirt, pulled it down over his arms, then got to work on his trousers. In no time they were around his ankles and he stepped out of them. His cock was thick and strong, nestled in a thatch of dark pubic hair and beneath it his balls were huge and heavy, pulsing when I reached down and grabbed his cock. "I want that monster cock in my mouth. I want to feel your head at the back of my throat pushing down deeper. I want to suck you dry." He moaned and pulled me down onto the floor.

I sank my head down onto his cock, teasing its tip with my tongue and letting the wetness lubricate my fingers which were pumping the base of his shaft. His cock was throbbing beneath my fingers, the veins standing out from the hardness. "I love the taste of your dick. I love the taste of it in my mouth," I moaned, excited by the sensation of his salty pre-come. I leant back and pushed my tongue into his mouth to let him taste his own come-juice. I whispered, "Pussy wants to kiss you," and guided his head down between my aching thighs. My cunt was dripping wet with the excitement of the moment. Juice flowed down between my love-lips and I watched the drops glisten on his lips.

"a hot arc of his

Quest: Did he say anything in response to all your talking?

Miss V: No, but then he was busy being sexy between my legs, so I wasn't too disappointed! "Push your tongue in deeper! I want to feel you all the way," I demanded. I leant back against the bed, my hips bucking towards his jutting tongue which was probing my clit like a small cock. I reached round and took his hard cock in my hand. "I'm going to blow you till you come in my dirty mouth," I whispered, getting really excited. "I want to taste your hot spunk deep down in my throat.

I sucked his cock hard, but I realised he was about to come so I pulled back and straddled him. I pushed his cock between my tits, using the moisture from my lips to lubricate him. "Fuck my tits!" I ordered, pushing it up and down between them. I cupped them tightly around his throbbing shaft, and he jerked towards me while I screamed for more.

His right hand found my clit and I felt three fingers enter me. I said, "Harder, harder, let me feel you inside me. Let my pussy know you want it." He pumped my tits, sliding his hot length easily between their round fullness. My nipples were hard and throbbing as a hot arc of his come spurted up over them. Warm globules settled between my tits and dripped down to my stomach.

"I think my pussy needs some attention again," I said. I pushed his head down and made him lick my wetness. I could see his cock twitching again and I murmured, "I think you want to fuck me, don't you?" He pulled up from my pussy until his cock head was just nudging at the entrance to my love tunnel. I felt his head slip in, it was huge inside my velvety tightness and felt lovely.

Then I really began to take control. "That feels so good, but I want more!" I demanded. He pushed his shaft in deep and I screamed, "Harder!" He rammed into me, his balls slapping against the cheeks of my arse. I panted out, "Make me feel it, baby, I want to feel full of you!" I licked his ear and squirmed while I mouthed quietly, "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," in time with his throbbing, twitching cock. As his stiff cock drove in deeper and deeper, faster and faster, I began to moan incoherently. My head was banging against the wall and my legs were up around his neck drawing him inside my pussy. My whole body was screaming to come and I held back until the last moment. Suddenly we both tensed and a huge orgasm ripped through me as he shot his second wad. His come gushed into me and filled me right to the brim before flowing out between my bum cheeks.

We lay on the bed, panting with exhaustion, but I wanted to go on. He said he was done in but I soon talked him round!

LEY
MARIE

Quest

All mouth and no trousers? Well talking dirty can take sex into a whole new dimension as three women who enjoy speaking with their mouths full prove

"her fingers gently

Name: Mrs R
Age: 24
Town of origin: Leicester
Other details: This young civil servant thought she was in for a night of gossiping with her best friend until a part of herself that she had been suppressing was revealed...

Quest: You say this woman was a friend. Had she ever been more than that?

Mrs R: No, at least, not until that night. Lydia and I had known each other for years, we'd even gone on double dates before I was married. But even though I knew she was bisexual, we'd never discussed it.

We sat down in the living room and got stuck into a bottle of wine. Before long the subject of sex, and her sex life, came up.

"What's it like to sleep with a woman?" I asked. I'd always wanted to know but never really had the courage to ask. "It's wonderful," she replied simply. "I like sleeping with men, but there is something so sexy about being with another woman. Maybe it's the thrill of doing to someone else exactly what you'd like to be done to you." I nodded, I wanted her to go on.

She poured herself a glass of wine and began to describe what she liked best, what she and her girlfriend did together sexually.

Quest: Were you embarrassed by her frankness, or did it turn you on?

Mrs R: The room was quite hot, but I don't think that it was the radiators which brought me out in a hot sweat, and I could feel a familiar, dull throbbing in my groin. Her voice was mesmerising and I found myself picturing what she was saying. When she described how her hands moved over the other woman's breasts my own nipples hardened in an involuntary response.

Quest: Do you think that she meant to turn you on with her talking?

Mrs R: I'm not sure but hearing her talk about making love with a woman made me realise how much I wanted her to do all those things to me. Lydia is very attractive; she has the kind of body and looks men and women can't resist. Her body has just got sex written all over it!

As she sat there talking, my feelings towards her shifted from being platonic to sexual. I wished that her tongue was teasing my stiff nipples into a peak, and that her fingers were buried up to the knuckle in my hungry pussy.

Quest: Was she aware of how you felt, do you think?

Mrs R: I think that telling me about what she enjoyed doing in bed was turning her on too. Her eyes rarely left mine and her beautiful full breasts were jiggling every time she moved and her nipples were sticking out like stalks. I could hardly keep my eyes off them and my fingers just itched to pull aside the silk and caress them.

"I think you ought to stop," I said, lamely, my breath coming in gasps. "Why?" she asked. "What are you so afraid of hearing?" I couldn't answer her because I realised that she was right: I was afraid of the feelings that her words had brought out in me. "Perhaps you'd understand how good it is if you could feel it too," she breathed. She knelt down in front of me, her hands resting lightly on my stockinged legs. "I've always wanted to touch you," she said, "especially here." Her fingers slid slowly up my thighs until they reached bare skin.

Her nails ran up the inside of my thigh to the damp triangle of my g-string. "I can feel your heat, you want me to touch your pussy, don't you?" she asked, her fingers teasing at the edge of the tiny triangle of fabric. My whole body tensed, anticipating her next move. "You want to know what it's like to have a woman make love to you, to touch you in all your secret places don't you?"

My breath was coming in sharp, ragged gasps, I wanted her so badly. I wanted her to just rip my clothes off and eat me till I begged her to stop.

Quest: Was it what she was saying or what she was doing that excited you?

Mrs R: It was a mixture of both really. It's really horny to be talked to during sex, but this was something else. Even if I'd wanted to stop what was happening I couldn't have done, her voice had cast a spell over me.

I arched my hips so that she could strip my clothes off. Then her fingers started to probe my wet slit, splitting the lips so she could penetrate the soft folds of flesh. A long sigh escaped my lips and my hips bucked up towards her. "Is this what you want?" she purred, one long, slim finger sliding smoothly into my love tunnel. "Oh yes, yes!" I gasped. Her index finger found my clit and began to stroke it firmly. Creamy juice oozed out from me and ran down her fingers. "You're lovely and wet, baby," she cooed softly as her fingers caressed my love lips and played in and out of my pussy.

"I've got a little toy that you might like," she said with a mischievous grin, and reached into her bag. She brought out a long, black rubber dildo and pushed the head of it inside me. She slid it gently upwards until it filled me to the brim. I could feel lightning bolts of pleasure emanating from it and my pussy walls pulsed around it. The big black dildo was pushing me over the edge, and I could feel an orgasm tingling in the depths of my cunt. "Does that feel nice?" she asked. "Try this." She flipped a switch on the base, and it started to vibrate. The gyrating movement was really driving me wild and I knew I was about to let go completely. "Don't fight it" she whispered. "Let it work its big black magic on you." Her words were the final ingredient and I came with a whoosh. Spasms of pleasure wracked my body, and I jerked as wave after wave went through me. I was screaming in delight and she smiled. "See how wonderful sex can be."

Quest: Did you want to talk dirty and do sexy new things to her too?

Mrs R: She had given me so much pleasure, it would have been rude not to! Waiting until I had caught my breath, she carried on her tuition. I got my first taste of pussy that night, and I loved it! It was heavenly watching her build up to her orgasm. Knowing that it was me who was doing that to her made me feel horny all over again. We fucked until the batteries on her vibrator ran dry. Next time she comes over I'll make sure I've got a spare set, just in case.

hen XISM an be SEXY

Forget PC. Some women find sexism a turn-on. Babs Hall reveals how acting like a male chauvinist pig can drastically improve your sex life.

woman?' I get incredibly turned on. I'm always ready for rough, steamy sex and with Barry I know I can rely on him to give it to me. We never bother with foreplay. Why waste good shagging time?" Well, quite, but don't you get bored of him taking the lead all the time? "Barry's brilliant," replies Helen. "There's no ime to be bored while he dictates the action. I love the aziness of it, lying back while he worships my body. The more roughly he slams his huge cock into me, the more excited I get."

She's got a point about laziness. Sexism comes in handy when you want your man to fix your car, stop that dripping tap making your life a misery or cheer up the cat who would like a cat-flap installed right now, thank you very much. And if equality means I have to lug the video down to the repair shop, argue with the snooty cow who says "Sorry, can't do it till the next millennium", and cough up £100 for the privilege, you can have it back, Mrs Greer. It's much easier for me to wander into the flat next-door, where handsome Henry lives, bat my eyelashes at him and coo, "I think the video's a bit unhappy, I don't know what to do with it". He will invariably go off into a deeply patronising spiel involving useless women and thick girls. I nod and smile because I know that one hour later, the video's happy, I'm happy it's fixed and Henry is happy because he's saved a damsel in distress.

I'm always ready for rough sex...

He's also saved me money which is more than a handy bonus. Sexism is great when I save money. When sexism costs him money, it's even better. I'm convinced that the phrase wined and dined really means he paid, I got laid. Going Dutch is not a good idea if I have to spend two tulip fields full of money on a meal. If he pays I know, firstly, I'm getting a fabulous meal for nothing and, more importantly, he's spent so much money on me that I know he has to be interested in getting into my knickers. That alone is a turn-on. You see now? Sexism can be seen both ways.

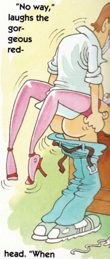
Sexist talk I'm less keen on, but some women find it gets them dripping in anticipation. Take Mel, an attractive 24-year-old quantity surveyor, for instance. She's intelligent, funny, sexy and adores men talking down to her. The more sexist the talk, the more excited she gets. "When a man talks down ▶

Illustrations by Anthony Hutchings

W
SE

Barry and Helen mus the most un-PC cou this side of Chubby Brown and his unfortunat wife. Barry spends all day using his tools and hump his load on a building site while Helen, a philosophy graduate, scrubs the kitch floor and irons his undies When the evening comes Barry sods off down the pub, staggers home at clo ing time and gives Helen a good hard shag. So, isn't she complaining? She's ce tainly entitled to, after all.

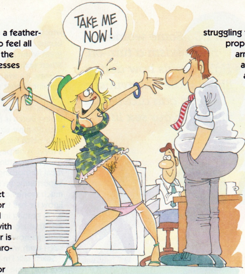
"No way," laughs the gorgeous red-



head. "When he's absolutely pissed and comes home shouting 'where's my

probed my wet slit"

to me like I'm a featherbrain I start to feel all hot between the thighs," confesses Mel. "I don't mean actual verbal abuse, just patronising phrases or sarcastic remarks. The more patronising the remark, the more I get turned on. For me, the word darlin', said with a massive leer is a greater aphrodisiac than champagne or oysters. 'Get your knickers off' or even the old 'tits out for the lads' are pretty good bets too.



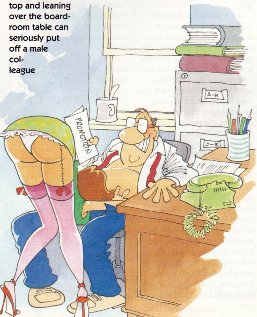
Some women simply find sexism sexy. I do!

"I couldn't believe it when that woman in the City sued just 'cos a male suit said "Back down, bimbo". Now, if that had been me, I'd have ripped off his suit and bent over the nearest photocopier screaming 'take me! take me right now!'.

"The best sexist remark I've been treated to was 'Why don't you stick a rocket up your box. That's the biggest bang you'll ever get'. It was said by a rough-looking bloke with a severe case of builder's bottom cleavage, and he was quite wrong, but I was so excited that I made a quick exit into the ladies, dropped my knickers and furiously fiddled with my fanny. I've never come so quickly. Believe me, sexist remarks really hit the button."

At work, giving a bit of head to the boss can certainly get you ahead. But bonking your fat 50-year-old boss who slobbers down your blouse to get a pay rise is not the only sexist activity a girl can make use of. And some of them are a lot more fun. Wearing a tits-on-display top and leaning over the boardroom table can seriously put off a male colleague struggling to present a rival proposal. Dropping an armful of heavy files and bending over in an indecently short skirt will usually send knights with shining armour dashing over to carry them up five flights of stairs. Even women keen on equality condone this one, except that they call it using your sexual power or tuning into your natural femininity.

So, some women use sexism to save them tight-laddering effort, some use it to get fabulous diamond rings and designer clothes. And some women simply find sexism sexy. I do! So watch out, the next time you say "Fwooooargh! Fab tits, darlin'," you might get a slap in the face but, if you're very, very lucky, you could well be in for a bit of slap and tickle. Ⓜ



HA

PHOTOGRAPHS B
HARRY ORMESHE

laboratory of human response

Quest

Name: Miss L
Age: 22
Town of origin: Cambridge
Other details: This legal secretary was working on the night shift at a local law firm. The work was mundane but she found other ways of occupying her time...

Quest: Did you enjoy the solitude of the work or did you find it lonely?

Miss L: The work was pretty dull, so most of the time I just stared into the middle distance, imagining all the horny things I could have been doing with my time. There were other people working late in the office, mainly lawyers dealing with cases in the United States. There was one guy in particular who caught my attention. His name was Martin and he was tall and slim with curly black hair. He kept on looking at me, but it hadn't gone any further than that...

Quest: Had you ever talked to him or tried to get his attention in some way?

Miss L. No, but I had noticed him. One night I was sitting at my desk, finishing off a contract, when the phone rang. I knew it was an internal call, but when I picked up the phone the voice didn't announce itself, it just asked a question.

"his voice told me to fi

"Can anyone see you in the office?" a deep, male voice asked. "No," I replied, puzzled. "Are you being overheard?" he whispered. "No," I replied again. "Good," it said, then hung up.

Quest: Did your mystery caller phone back and talk with you further?

Miss L: Yes, a few moments later the phone rang again. "What are you wearing?" he asked. I asked who it was but there was no reply, only silence.

"What are you wearing?" he said again. "A black suit," I stammered.

"And underneath?" he continued. I began to relax and replied, "Nothing."

"Why don't you put your hands on your thighs?" he said. "Move them up and down, caress your skin, and then tell me if you're enjoying it."

Strangely I was enjoying the sound of this anonymous voice telling me what to do. I ran my hand up under my skirt, careful not to go any higher than he'd instructed.

Quest: Did you think that whoever was giving you these orders could see you?

Miss L: I wasn't sure, so I asked him where he was. "Nearby," was all he said. "Where are your hands now?" he asked. "They're enjoying the feel of the smooth silky skin on my thighs. Where are your hands?"

"Touching my cock," he said. "Is it hard?" I asked, beginning to feel really horny. "Yes, it's really hard. The head is peeping out of my foreskin and there's a tiny drop of pre-come glistening on the tip. I'm making it wet. Are you wet?"

While he was talking my fingers had strayed up my thighs and were playing with the soft, damp tendrils of my pubic hair. I hadn't been lying to him, I really wasn't wearing anything under my suit.

His voice was like honey pouring all over me and my fingers parted my love lips and began to explore inside. My clitty was like a hard little button and I played with it, enjoying the tingling rush of sensation that coursed up through my belly and sent my nipples jutting out. "Yes," I replied, "I'm touching my clit. I'm pushing it, tweaking it, making it do what I want it to. I'm really excited. Your voice is really turning me on."

"I'm listening to your voice and my hand has got my cock," he replied. " I'm stroking the head and watching the pre-come drip out. My cock wants your pussy. I want to eat it until you come in my face, and then I'm going to fuck you until you come again and again. I'm going to make you beg for more. My balls are really heavy, they're full of spunk, I want to come all over you. I'm really excited and my cock is twitching. I can feel the blood surging through my shaft, and the veins are pulsing and hot under my fingers."

Quest: Did you feel that you wanted to meet your mystery lover?

Miss L: Well, he certainly knew how to talk a good girl round! I've never felt so turned on, but, even though I was nearly coming myself, it did cross my mind that it could be Quasimodo on the end of the line. Still, at that point, who'd care? I asked him if he would like to put his cock where his mouth was, so to speak, and he directed me to a room on the third floor. He said I'd know it by the label on the door, it was the maintenance room, the place you went for a good service he added as an afterthought.

I hurriedly cleared the papers off my desk and pulled my skirt down. Then I walked to the lift and pushed the up button. The lift arrived and the doors opened. I walked in to find Martin standing there. I was a bit embarrassed, my hair was tousled, my face was flushed and I must have looked like I was on a mission of some sort. I mumbled hello and hoped to goodness he'd get out before the third floor. "Which floor do you want?" he asked, innocently. My mouth fell open because I immediately recognised my mystery voice.

"You?!" I gasped.

He punched the button marked Emergency Stop and turned round to face me. "Pull your skirt up and show me that hungry pussy," he ordered. I did as I was told, and then reached for his belt. I undid it quickly and slid his trousers down. His thick cock sprung out towards me, I sank to my knees and took it in my mouth. He grabbed the back of my head and guided my lips down to meet it. I felt his end surge into my mouth and I took his length deep down my throat. His fingers reached down and started to pull at my nipples. They were so hard and erect, and I could feel my pussy twitching in readiness for his hard cock. Suddenly, he pulled me up and touched my clit for the first time. An electric surge of pleasure coursed through me and I began to moan in earnest. I reached my arms up and kissed him hard on the mouth. Our tongues tangled wildly and my legs went up around his waist. "I want to fuck you!" I moaned as he placed his hands under my thighs. He shoved me back against the wall of the lift and kneaded my arse with his strong hands. The head of his cock was nudging at the entrance to my pussy and I sank down on it, pulling it into me. I felt the head surge deep inside, followed by his thick shaft, then his balls slapped against my arse. He thrust deep inside me and my pussy walls milked his thick cock hungrily. Our mouths met again in a heated embrace. I was moaning loudly now as he pumped at me hard. I could feel him going all the way to the hilt, and I loved it stretching me deep inside. I knew I was going to come because his cock was deeper than I'd ever felt before.

His head was buried in my thick hair, and he moaned that he was going to come. Within seconds we'd both exploded in a body wrenching climax. His hot come pumped up inside me, and then trickled slowly down between my legs.

We slumped back against the wall. He withdrew his semi-hard cock still wet with my come, and leaned forward and said, "Is the US contract finished?" I burst out laughing.

ger my throbbing clit"

HELEN

girl next door

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BOB TWIGG

Our curvy babe Helen's got a dirty secret. She loves spring cleaning in the nude.

"A long broom comes in handy," she reveals, "for reaching all those little hidden places. You need a careful hand to get at the most awkward spots. And for good results, give them plenty of attention."

Of course, but what we really want to know is; has this superbabe with the supermop ever left the curtains open while sprucing up her home.

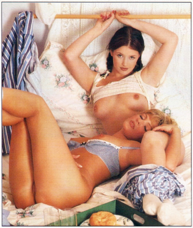
"Oh yes! Several times," she says, "And I've never had so many men peer in my nooks and crannies."

come hit my tits"

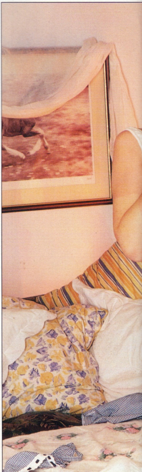
EVIE AND SARAH

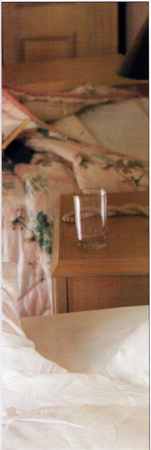
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB TWIGG

MEN'S WORLD
WHERE THE NAUGHTIEST, RAUNCHIEST GIRLS LOVE TO PLAY. ON SALE EVERY MONTH. WANNA COME?



Leeds lads had better look out! This Christmas, Evie, the star of Vol 29 No 10, has invited her friend Sarah from Scunthorpe to stay. And when these girls get together, no man is safe! "We love dressing each other up for a night out," says 18-year-old Evie, "teasing each other with what we're going to do with the guys we pull. The horny talk and touches we give one another means we're completely insatiable." Twenty-year-old Sarah agrees. "Any two guys lucky enough to meet us had better be prepared for the night of their lives. We love foursomes, swapping cocks, and teasing them with both our bodies. You'll still be coming at Easter!"





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mals

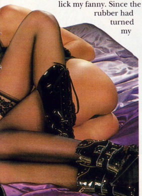
bers are into. What I wanted was to be treated like the hopeless slut I am."

So she organises her own parties, and it was to one of these I was to be invited. The invite said there was a strict dress code. Only those dressed as doms or subs would be let in. So it was time to dust myself with talc and pull on the latex catsuit, adding my red PVC biker jacket and hobble skirt for a bit of colour. The highest of high heels added six inches to my height.

When I arrived I was led by a man dressed in little more than a belt to the lounge where the table was set, with Stephanie! She had been bent forward over the table, her wrists tied to the far legs, her ankles to the near ones. The crotch zip of her latex tights was wide open, and her head propped up, her scarlet lipsticked mouth wide open.

To my amazement every so often one of the men would casually walk up, slip his cock in her muff or mouth, thrust a bit until he'd come then walk away, leaving his jizz dripping down her rubbered thighs or chin. Each time I heard a voice say, "Thank you." It was Stephanie's.

I started chatting to some of the men there. Brian, dressed in a rubber shirt and trousers, expressed the simple submissive desire to lick my fanny. Since the rubber had turned my crotch into a soggy mess of sweat and come, I gratefully accepted and retired to a corner. He undid my crotch zip and poked out his tongue. It was at that point I noticed his tongue had a bolt through it.



Now I don't wish to appear old fashioned, but I don't want my clit hit with a selection of ironmongery, so after a few licks to clean up my quim, I returned to the lounge.

Poor Steph was really getting it now. There was one man thrusting his cock into her mouth, another pushing in the opposite direction into her pussy, and two wanking over her. She was moaning with pleasure and then the gushing started. Spunk squirted over her back, into her long blonde hair and out of her mouth. Then she came herself (not for the first time that night) narrowly beating the man screwing her from behind.

Spunk squirted into her mouth...

Suddenly a voice was hissing in my ear. "Wouldn't you like to do that?"

I'd often dreamed of taking two men at once. That would be fun. But tied to a table in front of everyone? Hmmm! Maybe next time.

Suzanna's tea parties are much more genteel affairs, as I discovered when I went to my next "do" two days later. Long evening dresses are de rigeur, along with full jewellery and the best tea service comes out in all its finery. The only surprising thing is that all the guests are male.

"None of us are full time transvestites," says Suzanna, alias Steve, a kitchen installer from Exeter, over the clink of fine china tea cups. "We're not even very feminine."

So why does he do it?

"I don't want to be a woman. I'm not gay, but I do enjoy not having to be the macho man for a few hours a week and dressing in lovely smooth fabrics like silk and satin."

The assembled company; a bank clerk in a black cocktail number, a builder in something polyester from a catalogue with size 11 high heels, and a hugely over-the-top flouncy frocked butcher agreed.

"Guys know how good stockings feel when you run your hand over them," said one. "Well, they feel even better on!"

Would Steve ever like to have sex as Suzanna?

"No, not at all. I think Suzanna is a break from the sexual world rather than an addition to it. But I often wear silk undies under my jeans during the day. The way the silk rubs against my balls gives me a constant hard-on!"

If Steve's parties have a sexual innocence about them, Mark and Debbie's seem positively childish at first

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"It started as a joke," Debbie told me. "All our friends were having theme parties and Mark remembered the parties we had as kids, where the girls wore big frilly dresses and there was lots of jelly, ice cream and games. Now we hold them once a month, and some of the party games have become very saucy indeed. Do you fancy coming along?"

How could I refuse?

The rules strictly stated that I had to dress as though I was a kid going to a party. So I found a shop selling very reasonably priced ex-bridesmaid dresses. Huge affairs with big puff sleeves. Perfectly ludicrous!

I arrived to find all the other women dressed much the same. The men (boys?) were all in shirts and ties. One was in shorts. The table was groaning with sandwiches, Tizer (spiked with vodka), jellies and cakes.

There's bondage in one room, 69s in another...

Ah! Adult babies grow into adult infants, I surmised wrongly. Because then the games started. Postman's Snog was the first. It was played by the same rules as Knock but what went on behind the door was very different. The squeals and slurping was enough to tell me that those who were good friends were doing a lot more than kissing.

Fortunately my "postman" recognised I was not a regular and settled for a long snog. Our tongues met and his hands slid up to my boobs, then one tried to work its way through the layers of satin to my knickers. I knew it would never get there, so I relaxed.

Next came Blind Man's Muff. The men were blindfolded and the women raised their dresses for the fellas to fondle their fannies to recognise them. My shaven snatch went down a storm, I can tell you!

No party would be complete without a cake and this one was no exception. A huge cream gateau was brought in followed by Debbie, now nude. To the roars of the crowd, she straddled the cake then slowly lowered herself into it, a tower of cream squeezing between her full thighs and presumably elsewhere. For good measure, she then rubbed cake into herself and offered everyone a lick. I chose a creamy dollop on her left nipple.

But these get-togethers are very mild affairs compared to what are rather crassly called "Swingers' Parties". Held in people's houses so that no laws will be broken, literally anything goes at one of these. Bob and Jackie are regular hosts.

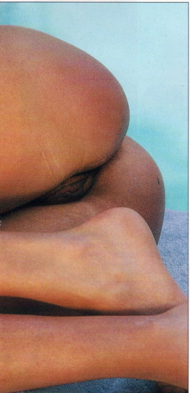
"We throw open the whole house," said Jackie, a 33-year-old former secretary. "There are couples doing something different in each room. There'll be group sex in one, bondage in another, slow sensual 69s in the lounge. The only rule is you can't come with the person you came with!"

"So can I come to one?" I asked, excited.

"No," they said.

"We never invite reporters."

So it looks like it might be the quick snog in the spare room under the coats again this Christmas after all. Ⓜ



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Party Ani

Whether you like wanking over a woman tied to a table, dressing in a frock or trying to recognise a lady by licking her labia, there's much more fun to be had at parties than wearing a silly hat, as Jayne Hastings discovers

Like lots of girls my age, I lost my virginity at a party. I had drunk rather too much Autumn Gold cider and had just met the man of my juicy dreams. He was 18, had a Honda and his own flat, a grown up! He snogged me on the dance floor, his hands roaming inside my tight scoop-neck teeshirt to find my practical and practically-impenetrable bra. He soon gave up, settling instead for fondling my arse cheeks.

A few muttered words of seduction and we were upstairs underneath the pile of lumberjack and bomber jackets that passed for fashionable outerwear in the late-seventies. He'd peeled off my teeshirt to reveal a pair of 38-inch tits with bright pink innocent nipples pointing invitingly in his direction. He responded to their plea. Soon he was rolling them between his lips with the experience born of smoking hand-made cigarettes, and I knew he was the man to end my innocence.

He pulled down my jeans revealing plain white pants. He tugged these down to reveal my unplucked rose bud. Then he climbed on top, unzipped his jeans, rolled a Durex onto his dick and started battering at it.

Eventually the walls gave way and he prodded his way into my fanny. A few strokes later he groaned and rolled off. I was put off sex for life. Okay, a fortnight.

How different and so much sexier parties are these days. Not only have the Party Fours become Petit Fours, the only place the guests are not having sex is under the coats! There are parties to cater for every kink. If you think the height of flirtatiousness is hiring a saucy schoolgirl outfit from the shop in the High Street, then think again.

Steph is the perfect party hostess, always obliging, as I was to discover! However she had a little difficulty opening the door when I went to get an invite to one of her infamous soirees. Her wrists were handcuffed.

"I broke his Lordship's egg at breakfast," she explained, standing there in a rubber french maid's outfit, "and this is my punishment..."

Steph is a submissive. It's not a lifestyle many women would happily acquiesce to, but she loves it.

"It is difficult to find a guy to dominate me like I want. His Lordship does though and if I'm good I get to have a party."

Like many rubber wearers, Steph's early experiences were at fetish nights, but they didn't go nearly far enough.

"Dressing in rubber is only a small part of it. I'm not at all interested in fetish fashion, which is what so many of the night club-

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and cum on her face
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I'LL SUCK YOUR
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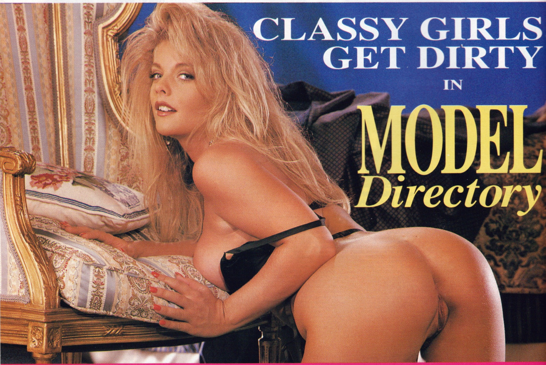

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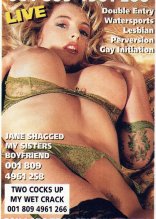

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Could this be the face and figure of the new James Bond girl? Pierce Brosnan has already been chosen as the world's most famous agent, and now the role of his sexy sidekick is up for grabs — and lead contender is Corina Marinescu. Like Bond's Aston Martin, she has some amazing goodies hidden away — but not to *Mayfair* readers. We're not only revealing her top secrets but the bottom ones as well — and we reckon you'll be shaken and stirred. The new film may not be due for release until late 1995, but Corina's curves are certainly worth a preview. And if she does get the big part, remember, you saw her here first.

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well now as in the Sixties, and violence, as Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction* prove, is hardly a box-office poison. The major selling point of *Dr No* was the hope of seeing Ursula Andress undress, and 007 is not the only male whose eyes lit up at the thought of Pussy Galore. In 1964 people flocked to the cinema for *Goldfinger* with the sexy Honor Blackman. Three years later they were less keen to watch Derek Nimmo in the dull sex-free spoof *Casino Royale*.

So, if sex is off the menu for the unfortunate Mr Bond, what's on it? A typical production line Hollywood action film, that's what. Despite the title's similarity to *Goldfinger*, the new film will not feature the sort of insane ginger-haired German megalomanic we love seeing 007 waste with a bizarre range of gore-inducing gadgets. We'll get present-day Mafia dealings and treachery instead. Ho hum. After Coppola's *Godfather* trilogy and Scorcese's *Goodfellas*, among many other gangster movies, this is hardly virgin cinema territory. At least in *Goldeneye* the Mafiosi will be from Russia, not New York.

Bond might be forced to go without gun-battles and gore thanks to the vocal PC battalion, but he's still got a girl and her name is Corina Marinescu (*right*).

In another *Mayfair* exclusive, stunning Corina has revealed her top-secret assets for your eyes only. You won't see her shedding her clothes in *Goldeneye*, so read on to discover the sexy, secret side of Bond's latest right-hand girl.

PHOTOGRAPH
BY PATRICK
BURGESS

CORINA

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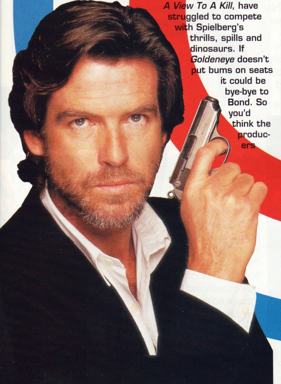
LICENCE TO THRILL!

Bond is back but this time his Walther PPK is firing blanks. And as for shagging, forget it. Barry Dunstall reveals how 007 is facing his biggest battle yet, against the no-sex, no-shooting no-fun PC brigade...

A wounded James Bond is standing up again but this time he really could be killed off – by an accountant. The new 007 outing *Goldeneye* begins filming soon, and will be under intense scrutiny when it is released at the end of 1995. The last few Bond movies, *Licence To Kill, The Living Daylights,* even *A View To A Kill,* have struggled to compete with Spielberg's thrills, spills and dinosaurs. If *Goldeneye* doesn't put bums on seats it could be bye-bye to Bond. So you'd think the producers would get in a bonking new Bond, throw in a veritable orgy of girls and whack up the splatter quotient. Unfortunately this looks increasingly unlikely.



After much speculation about who would be the new Bond (Jason Connery? Hugh Grant?) Pierce Brosnan was chosen. Yes, the man who didn't wear the dress in *Mrs Doubtfire.* United Artist's President, John Calley, approves of the choice, "We are thrilled with Brosnan's talent and popularity. He already possesses the magnetic charm that has made Bond a film and literary favourite for generations, and we're sure he'll also put his own stamp on this legendary character."

Another legendary character, Albert 'Cubby' Broccoli is a bit more restrained on the subject of the former *Remington Steele* star, "He is an actor I have admired for a long time, and I think he'll make a great Bond." But first, according to Amanda Schofield, spokesperson for Eon Productions (the company behind all but one of the Bond series) Brosnan must "get his teeth into the role".

It would help if Brosnan had something to get his teeth into. Sure, the glamorous locations will still feature, including Russia, the Mediterranean Coast and the Caribbean, but it looks like the gratuitous sex and violence won't. This is due to the influence of the politically correct or, as they should be known the bloody stupid. Remember the classic scene where Roger Moore lounges by a casino bar and is confronted by a sexy girl showing off her ample charms? "I'm Plenty," gasps the busty babe. "But of course you are," replies Bond as he peers down her cleavage and stares at her bounty. Thanks to the PC lobby typical Bond humour like this just won't appear.

But there's worse to come, as Eon's Schofield admits. "Bond has moved with the times. He doesn't sleep with as many women as he used to." Well, times may have changed but audiences haven't. Sex sells films as

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Continued from page 36

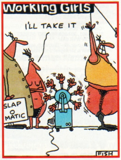
pleasures of each others bodies to the full, has always been of more than passing interest for a red-blooded man like me, but these pics were really something special. I'd love to take the pair of them home with me, and spend a night watching them indulging in finger-licking frolics, for my eyes (and cock) only.
— Gerald, Dartmouth

RAUNCHY REVENGE

I thought I'd write in and let you know just how sweet sexual revenge can be. I had been with my boyfriend David since I was 16-years-old (I'm now 22), and was shocked to discover he had been seeing another girl. In tears I turned to my best friend, Wendy, for some good advice.

"You need two things," she said, "therapy and revenge." Now, when she told me exactly what this would involve I was shocked. After her boyfriend had run off with a barmaid, she sought therapy in the shape of a well-hung young man. Revenge meant that she sent a video of her enjoying the stud's cock to the full, to her errant ex. He went crazy but by now the stud was so crazy with lust for Wendy, that it was too late for apologies.

At first I was reluctant to carry out her plan. Then, a few days later, I saw David flaunting his new girl in the local pub. I was so mad that I rushed home to phone Wendy.



"Get out the video camera," I shouted, "I'll make David wish he'd been born without a cock."

"Come round on Friday," Wendy replied, "I know two men who are dying to meet you."

I arrived at Wendy's place shaking with nerves, but when she introduced me to gorgeous Andy and blonde Jason I started shaking with excitement. I just couldn't help myself. For a start they were both real hunks, tanned and muscular,and wearing tiny black briefs that barely covered their huge bulges.

"Okay," said Jason, "let's have some fun, babe".

"Certainly" I squeaked nervously. Jason eased his cock out of his briefs. Once free it stood out, 10" of stiff tool, ready for action but I wasn't sure that I was. It had been so long since I'd seen a hard cock, I had nearly forgotten what they looked like.

"Relax, babe," Andy chuckled, seeing my eyes pop out in amazement. His massive hands gently urged me to lie down, Wendy pressed record on the video camera and yelled "Let's go!"

Let's go? I let go! Jason slipped his huge cock right up between my dripping pussy lips. Moving with slow, deliberate strokes, he soon left me gasping for more. Andy knelt down and took my right nipple between his thumb and forefinger until it tingled. Sparks of excitement flashed from my nipples down to my pussy.

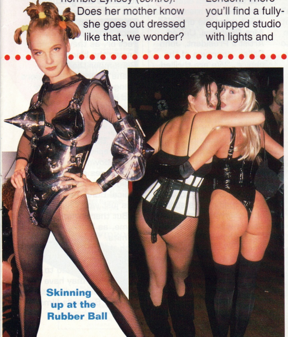
So this was what sex was really about! Up till that point I thought it was just about lying back and counting the cracks in the ceiling, while my own crack practically fell asleep. I could feel

Continued on page 98

ably over-dressed! Amongst the naked ladies needing no excuse to get their knockers out this month were 16-year-old enfant horrible Lynsey (*centre*). Does her mother know she goes out dressed like that, we wonder?

SNAP HER UP

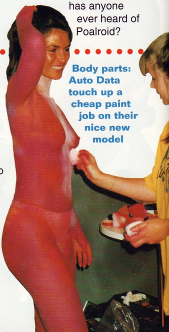
If you're one of those guys who'd love to have a few photographs of your girlfriend flashing her bits, but are too shy to take them to the local chemist 'cos your wife works there, take a trip to *Hot Shots* in Walker's Court, Soho, London. There you'll find a fully-equipped studio with lights and cameras. Even if your bit-on-the-side bottles out at the last minute, you won't go home empty handed because *Hot Shots* always has their own nude model available (*that's her in the maid's outfit!*) to get her knickers off. Either way, £25 will get you a quarter of an hour in the studio, including film and developing. Not bad, but has anyone ever heard of Poalroid?



Skinning up at the Rubber Ball

DATA DAZZLERS!

There was a time when every new Ford came with a topless girl. But at this year's Motor Show only *H.P.I. Auto Data* dared to bare a pair of pistons. Exactly why the people who specialise in info on secondhand motors advertise this with a set of nellies passes us by. But, hey, who cares? Ⓜ



Body parts: Auto Data touch up a cheap paint job on their nice new model

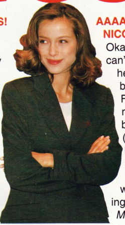
here is the nudes

Our monthly round-up of the glitz, tits and sexy bits that are making the headlines...

Cindy shows off Walford Town's finest pair of strikers

BREAST ENDERS!

Albert squares will recognise this lipsticked lovely as Cindy from *EastEnders* (actress Michelle Collins). But will she be wearing this skimpy little number behind the counter of the Beale's chip shop?



AAAAAH! NICOLE!

Okay, you can't see her nips, but French megababe 'Nicole' (spotted at the Motor Show) from the *Clio* ads is still worth squeezing into any *Mayfair*!

STRING VESTLESS

Good grief! Doesn't anyone wear a bloody bra or vest at London night-spot Stringfellow's these days? No wonder the Editor keeps getting chucked out. He's prob-

RUBBER DUB CLUB

If these pics are anything to go by, the *Rubber Ball* was as bouncy as ever this year. The annual rude rave demanded a strict dress code (rubber, leather or kinky drag), but what else would you expect from its sponsors, fetish mag *Skin Two*? The Editor would have attended the no-holes-barred all-nighter himself – if he hadn't torn his PVC catsuit at the Conserv-ative Party conference ealier this year...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

It's party time and the most outrageous event on the South Coast has to be Tanya's Raunchy Rave. "It's a Randy Dress Party where everyone has to wear as little as possible," says the 22-year-old Worthing wench. "There will be prizes for the sexiest dress and dirtiest dancing, but the bit I'm looking forward to is the Longest Snog Contest - starring me! Entrants have to kiss me for as long as possible without coming up for air. Tongues are allowed and so is groping, so it should be lots of fun. I've started practising, and I've perfected a smacker that is juicy without being wet and sucks the moisture off your tonsils. With a bit of tongue wrestling I can keep it up for three and a half minutes before suffocating. Want to try and beat the record?" Ⓜ

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VOLUME 30 NUMBER 1
ON SALE 12TH JANUARY

Letters

Continued from page 90

my orgasm starting to build inside me. Jason grinned and started to suck hard on my pounding tits, while Andy increased the pace of his pumping. And to think I'd worried about taking all his cock. He thrust deep inside me, to the delight of my fanny walls which were stretched virtually to the limit, but I knew I needed even more to give me the type of intense orgasm I'd always wanted but never experienced.

"Fuck me deeper!" I screamed. Jason obliged with a massive thrust.

"Fuck me faster!" I demanded shuddering on the brink of a fanny-shattering orgasm. Andy laughed "C'mon, Jase, let's give this babe full satisfaction."

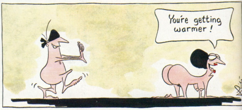
With one almighty thrust, so deep I thought Jason's cock would poke out of my mouth, we came in unison. I screamed with the intensity of the climax, clinging desperately to Jason's muscular body. Every part of me wanted the shuddering orgasm to last forever. When he pulled out, Jason's spunk continued to shoot out all over my tits in a graceful arc. Looking straight into the video camera I ran a fingers along my heaving breasts and sucked the salty spunk that gathered under my nails. But still I wasn't fully satisfied.

I Looked up at Andy and said "I want your cock now". He smiled and peeled off his tiny briefs. If Jason's forte was length, Andy's was thickness. I licked my lips in anticipation as Andy started to tease my pussy lips with his cock. I moaned in delicious torment, then yelled, "Ram it in!"

With a massive shove that strained my fanny walls he rammed it in. I was so desperate to come that I scraped my nails down his back, which made Andy pump harder and harder. Suddenly he tensed, pulled out his cock, so only the tip touched my wet hole, then plunged it in with the hardest thrust I'd ever experienced. We climaxed together and I thrashed, shrieking in ecstasy, on his hard cock. It had been a quick hard fuck and, yes, at long last I was satisfied.

I grinned at the way I'd turned into a wild, sex-mad siren in the space of half an hour. After I'd presented David with the video tape, I grinned even more. The next day he came crawling round with a selection of naughty presents. For the first time he saw me as a truly sexy woman and he was dying to explore me, further. Now our sex life is truly filthy and fabulous. Revenge may be sweet but a good hard shag is better! – Julia, Bristol Ⓜ

between the sheets


You're getting warmer!

Letters

Send your naughty stories, sexy experiences and rude writes to Letters, Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 8JJ

WORLD-BEATER ANITA

Put out the flags! My cock hoisted itself aloft when I opened the latest issue of *Mayfair* (Vol 29 No 12). It was the best (and horniest!) yet thanks to all the girls, especially the stunning Anita.

With my eyes popping out and my bulge growing, I tried to decide which part of Anita's body contributed most to my state of excitement. Was it her luscious lips parted as if to say "insert cock here"? Was it her lovely rounded breasts, or that neat little pussy framed exquisitely by velvet pussy hair? I still can't decide, so please, Anita, let me view you in the flesh so I can make my decision at a more leisurely pace.

I'd love to run my finger through your silky hair, before kissing every inch of your lithe body, and I mean every inch! In fact, when I reach your juicy fanny it might well take several hours of in-depth exploration. I'd use a searching tongue to consider the delights of your clit, carefully monitoring every response. Pondering on your pert bottom, taking your cheeky buns in each hand to consider the merits of each one, might take a while too.

After inspecting every area thoroughly I might at last know quite what it is about you that makes my crotch hot, my cock hard and my trouser stitching complain.

Mind you, to make sure I had chosen correctly could well mean a return visit!—
Darren, Darlington

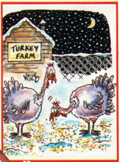
BRAZEN BLIND DATE

I work as the entertainment officer at a local college, and I'm going to burst if I don't tell you all about the naughty blind date I got myself into just last week.

Every year at the college I organise a fund-raising week in aid of local community charities. One of the most popular events is our version of Blind Date. I get first year students and sixth-formers from the local comprehensive to take part. This year my assistant stitched me up and shoved me on stage as the reluctant contestant number three.

I sat squirming on a chair while Claire, a lovely 18-year-old student, fired really embarrassing questions at me.

Continued on page 36



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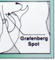

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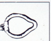

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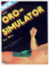

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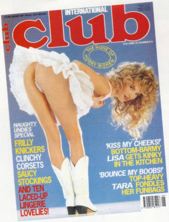
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